THE HIND AND THE PANTHER, TRANSVERS'D To the Story of the *Country-Mouse* and the *City-Mouse*.

346.42
30

...h Malice mingled with a little Wit. *Hind. Pan.*

Nec vult Panthera domari, Quæ Gentis.

LONDON:

...nted and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars*, near the Water-side. 1709.

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THE PREFACE.

THE *Favourers of the* Hind *and* Panther *will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that* Homer *has been Burlesque'd, and* Virgil *travestied without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the* Hind *and the* Panther *may be an exact Poem, tho' 'tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and this naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing Represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design, Is it not as easie to imagine two* Mice *bilking Coachmen, and supping at the* Devil; *as to suppose a* Hind *entertaining the* Panther *at a* Hermit's Cell, *discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her Son* Rodriguez *writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable*

and contradictory to the Rules and Exampl
of all Fables, and to the very Design a
Use of them? They were first begun and ra
ſed to the higheſt Perfection in the Eaſte
Countries; where they wrote in Signs a
ſpoke in Parables, and delivered the m
uſeful Precepts in delightful Stories; whic
for their Aptneſs were entertaining to t
moſt Judicious, and led the vulgar into U
derſtanding by ſurprizing them with the
Novelty, and fixing their Attention. A
their Fables carry a double meaning; t
Story is one and intire; the Characters t
ſame throughout, not broken or chang
and always conformable to the Nature of t
Creatures they introduce. They never te
you that the Dog which ſnapt at a Shado
loſt his Troop of Horſe, that would be uni
telligible; a piece of Fleſh is proper for hi
to drop, and the Reader will apply it
Mankind; they would not ſay that the Da
who was ſo proud of her borrow'd Plum
lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez *ca*
and took away all the Book but t
17th, 24th, *and* 25th *Chapters, which ſ*
ſtole from him: But this is his new way
telling a Story, and confounding the Mor
and the Fable *together.*

Before the Word was written, ſaid th
Hind,
Our Saviour Preach'd the Faith to a
Mankind.

What relation has the Hind *to our Sa-*
ur? or what Notion have we of a Pan-
r's Bible? If you say he means the
urch, how does the Church feed on Lawns,
range in the Foreſt? Let it be always a
urch, or always the cloven-footed Beaſt,
we cannot bear his ſhifting the Scene
ery Line. If it is abſurd in Comedies to
ke a Peaſant talk in the Strain of a Hero,
a Country Wench uſe the Language of the
urt; how monſtrous is it to make a Prieſt
a Hind, and a Parſon of a Panther?
bring 'em in diſputing with all the For-
alities and Terms of the School? Though
to the Arguments themſelves, thoſe, we
ſeſs, are ſuited to the Capacity of the
aſts, and if we would ſuppoſe a Hind ex-
eſſing her ſelf about theſe Matters, ſhe
uld talk at that Rate.

As to the Abſurdity of his Expreſſions,
re is nothing wreſted to make 'em ridi-
ous, the Terms are ſometimes alter'd to
ke the Blunder more viſible; Knowledge
ſunderſtood *is not at all better Senſe*
n Underſtanding miſunderſtood, *though*
confeſt the Author can play with words
well, that thirty and twenty ſuch will paſs off
a ſlight reading.

There are other Miſtakes which could not
brought in, for they were too groſs for

Bayes

Bayes *himself to commit. 'Tis hard to c*
ceive how any Man could censure the Tu
for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Cu
are voluptuous in a Mess of Rice, and k
the strictest Lent, *without the Pleasures*
a Carnival *to encourage them. But 'tis*
most impossible to think that any Man, w
had not renounced his Senses, should re
Duncomb *for* Allen: *He had been to*

Difference betwixt a Protestant and Socinian, p. 62.

that Mr. Allen *had written a Discourse*
Humility; to which he wisely answers, T
that magnified Piece of Duncomb's *was Tr*
slated from the Spanish *of* Rodriguez, *a*
to set it beyond dispute, makes the infalli

Pag. 92.

Guide affirm the same thing. There are
Mistakes, but one may imagine how a M
fell into them, and at least what he aim
at; but what likeness is there betwe
Duncomb *and* Allen? *do they so much*
Rhime?

We may have this Comfort under the S
verity of his Satyr, to see his Abilities
qually lessen'd with his Opinion of us; a
that he could not be a fit Champion agai
the Panther *till he had laid aside all*
Judgment. But we must applaud his O
dience to his new Mother Hind; *she Dis*

Pag. 90.

plin'd him severely, she commanded him
seems, to Sacrifice *his* Darling Fame, *a*
to do it effectually he publisht this learn
Piece. This is the favourable Construct
we would put on his Faults, tho' he tak

ca

to inform us, that it was done from no Pref.
position, but out of a natural Propensity
has to Malice, and a particular Inclina-
n of doing Mischief. What else could pro-
e him to Libel the Court, *Blaspheme*
gs, abuse the whole Scotch Nation, *rail* Pag. 87.
the greatest Part of his own, and lay all
Indignities imaginable on the only esta-
sh'd Religion? And we must now Congra-
ate him this Felicity, that there is no
t or Denomination of Christians, whom
has not abused.

Thus far his Arms have with Success
n crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews *and* Infidels *look to*
mselves, he has already begun the War
n them. When once a Conqueror grows
s dreadful, 'tis the Interest of all his
ighbours to oppose him, for there is no
iance to be made with one that will face
t, and destroy his Friends, and like a
nd Almanzor, *change Sides meerly to*
his hand in ure. This Heroick Tem-
of his, has created him some Enemies,
t did by no means affect Hostility; and
may observe this Candor in the Manage-
r, that none of his Works are concern'd
these Papers, but his last Piece; and I
eve he is sensible this is a Favour. I
not ambitious of Laughing at any Per-
ion, or making Religion the Subject of
such

such a Trifle; so that no Man is here c
cern'd, but the Author himself, and worth
ridicul'd but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it
you must grant my Excuse is more reasona
than our Author's to the Dissenters.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER,

Transvers'd to the Story of the COUNTRY and the CITY-MOUSE.

Bayes, Johnson, Smith.

Johnson. HAH! my Old Friend Mr. *Bayes*; What lucky Chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your Peril, Sir; stand off, and come not within my Sword's Point: For if you are not *come over to the Royal Party, I expect neither fair War, nor fair Quarter from you.* Pref. p. 1.

Johns. How, draw upon your Friend, and assault your Old Acquaintance! O' my *Conscience*, my Intentions were Honourable.

Bayes. Conscience! Ay, ay, I know the Deceit of that Word well enough: Let me have the *Marks* of your *Conscience* before I trust it; for if it be not Pref. ib.

of the ſame Stamp with mine, Gad I may be *knock'd down* for all your fair Promiſes.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villainy haſt thou been about, that thou'rt under theſe Apprehenſions? Upon my Honour I'm thy Friend yet thou lookeſt as ſneaking and frighted as a Dog that has been worrying Sheep.

Pref. ib. *Bayes*, Ay, Sir, *The Nation is in too high a Ferment for me to expect any Mercy*, or I'gad, to truſt any Body.

Smith. But why this to us, my Old Friend, who you know never trouble our Heads with National Concerns, till the third Bottle has taught us as much of Politicks as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah! Gentlemen, leave this Prophaneneſs I am alter'd ſince you ſaw me, and cannot bear this looſe Talk now. Mr. *Johnſon*, you are a Man of Parts, let me deſire you to read *the Guide of Controverſy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Conſiderations on the Council of* Page 5. *Trent*, and ſo Gentlemen your humble Servant.— *Good Life be now my Task.*

Johnſ. Nay, Faith, we won't part ſo: Believe us, we are both your Friends; let us ſtep to the *Roſe* for one quarter of an Hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be Men of Honour, and for your ſakes I will tranſgreſs as far as one Pint.

Johnſ. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry Bout have we had in this Houſe, and ſhall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you pleaſe, for my part he ſhall bring me a ſingle Pint of any thing.

Smith. How ſo, Mr. *Bayes*, have you loſt your Pallat? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have ſo; but *Senſes* muſt be Page 21. *ſtarv'd*, that the *Soul* may be *gratified*. Men of your

our Kidney make the *Senſes* the *ſupream Judge*, nd therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid oth the Uſe and Pleaſure of 'em aſide.

Smith. What, is not there good Eating and rinking on both ſides? You make the Separation reater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you ſee a Fat Roſie-olour'd Fellow, take it from me, he is either a Ibid. rotestant or a *Turk*.

Johnſ. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might ſuſect your Converſion; methinks thou haſt as much he Face of an *Heretick* as ever I ſaw.

Bayes. Such was I, ſuch by Nature ſtill I am. Pag. 5. ut I hope e'er long I ſhall have drawn this *pam-'d Paunch* fitter for the *ſtraight Gate*.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your onfeſſor gives you more ſevere Rules than he ractices; for not long ago a *Fat Friar* was ought a *true Character*.

Bayes. Things were miſrepreſented to me: I onfeſs I have been unfortunate in ſome of my ritings: But ſince you have put me upon that ubject, I'll ſhow you a thing I have in my Pock-ſhall wipe off all that, or I am miſtaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy ſelf again. ere's the *King's* Health to thee—Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be old to ſay, the exacteſt Piece the World ever ſaw, *Non Pareillo* I'faith. But I muſt beſpeak your ardons if it reflects any thing upon your Perſwa-on.

Johnſ. Uſe your Liberty, Sir, you know we are o *Bigots*.

Bayes. Why then you ſhall ſee me lay the *Refor-ation* on its Back, I'gad, and juſtifie our Religion y way of *Fable*.

Johnſ. An apt Contrivance indeed! What do ou make a *Fable* of your *Religion*?

Bayes. Ay, I'gad, and without *Morals* too; f
I tread in no Man's Steps; and to ſhow you h
far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in t
kind, I have taken *Horace*'s Deſign, but I'ga
have ſo out-done him, you ſhall be aſham'd f
your *Old Friend.* You remember in him the *Sto*
of the *Country-Mouſe*, and the *City-Mouſe*; wh
a plain ſimple thing it is, it has no more Life a
Spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horſe; and h
Mice talk ſo meanly, ſuch common ſtuff, ſo li
meer Mice, that I wonder it has pleas'd the Wor
ſo long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, an
teach 'em to *heighten*, and *elevate a Fable.* I'
bring you in the very ſame *Mice* diſputing t
Depth of *Philoſophy*, ſearching into the Fundamen
tals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Council*
and all that, I'gad, as you ſhall ſee either of 'e
could eaſily make an Aſs of a *Country Vicar.* No
whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked Hiſtory,
have more Copiouſneſs than to do that, I'ga
Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and deſcrib
all the *Beaſts* of the *Creation*; there, I lanch ou
into long *Digreſſions*, and leave my *Mice* for twen
ty Pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, an
make the fineſt *Soliloquies*, as would raviſh you
Won't this do, think you?

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you
all this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? Is it not great and Heroi
cal? But come, you'll underſtand it better whe
you hear it; and pray be as ſevere as you can, I'ga
I defie all *Criticks.* Thus it begins:

Pag. 1. *A Milk-white* Mouſe *immortal and unchang'd,*
Fed on ſoft Cheeſe, and o'er the Dairy *rang'd;*
Without, unſpotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no Gin.

Johnſ

Johnſ. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, ſoft Cheeſe is a lit-
too coarſe Diet for an *immortal Mouſe*; were
e any neceſſity for her eating, you ſhould have
ſulted *Homer* for ſome *Cæleſtial Proviſion.*

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did ſo; but indeed
ve not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by
, and could not readily find it in the Original.

had She oft been ſcar'd by bloody Claws Pag. 1.
winged Owls, and ſtern *Grimalkins* Paws
'd at her deſtin'd Head, which made her *fly*, Pag. 2.
o' She was *doom'd to Death*, and *fated not to dye.*

Smith. How came She that *fear'd no Danger* in
Line before, to be ſcar'd in this, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you
; for I hope a Man may run away without be-
afraid, mayn't he?

Johnſ. But pray give me leave; how was She
m'd to Death, if She was *fated not to die*; are
Doom and *Fate* much the ſame thing?

Bayes. Nay, *Gentlemen*, if you queſtion my Skill
he Language, I'm your humble Servant; the
ues the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing
, give me that; ſure I that made the Word,
w beſt what I meant by it: I aſſure you, *doom'd*
fated, are quite different things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, if you were *doom'd* to
hang'd, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould
e you but ſmall Comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your Head with that,
. *Smith*, mind the Buſineſs in hand.

Not ſo her young; *their* Linſy-woolſy *Line*, Pag. 2.
Was Hero's make, half humane, half Divine.

Smith. Certainly theſe *Hero's*, *half Humane*, *half*
vine, have very little of the *Mouſe* their *Mother*.

Bayes. Gadſokers! Mr. *Johnſon*, does your
iend think I mean nothing but a *Mouſe* by all
this?

this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church*, and t
young Gentlemen her Sons, ſignifie *Prieſts*, M
tyrs and *Confeſſors*, that were hang'd in *Oats*'s
There's an excellent *Latin* Sentence, which I
a mind to bring in. *Sanguis Martyrum ſemen Ec
ſiæ*, and I think I have not wrong'd it in
Tranſlation.

Of theſe a ſlaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Pag. 2. *Whoſe ſanguine Seed encreas'd the ſacred* Brood
She multiply'd by theſe, *now rang'd alone,*
Pag. 3. *And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own.*

Smith. Was She *alone* when *the ſacred Brood*
encreaſed?

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the *M*
again; but I hope a *Church* may be *alone*,
the *Members* be *encreaſed*, mayn't it?

Johnſ. Certainly, Mr. *Bayes*, a *Church* whic
a *diffuſive Body of Men*, can much leſs be ſai
be *alone*.

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion? T
it from me, Mr. *Johnſon*, you are wrong; ho
ever to oblige you, I'll clap in ſome *Simile* or oth
about the *Children of Iſrael*, and it ſhall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one Word mo
Mr. *Bayes*? What could the *Mouſe* (for I ſuppo
you mean her now) do more than *range* in
Kingdoms, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do! Why She *reign'd*; had a *Diade*
Scepter and *Ball*, till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are ſo *encreas'd*, She m
try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and ſo She may before I have do
with Her; it has coſt me ſome pains to clear h
Title. Well, but Mum for that, Mr. *Smith*.

The Common Hunt, She timorouſly paſt by,
Pag. 3. For they made tame, *diſdain'd Her Company*;

T

grin'd, She in a Fright *tript* o'er the Green,
She was *lov'd*, where-ever She was *seen*.

Johns. Well said little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick
t have a great deal of leisure, that attacks those
ces.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant him, whoe'er he is,
det solido; but I go on.

The Independent Beast.—— Pag. 3.

Smith. Who is that, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why a Bear: Pox, is not that obvious
ugh?

——*In Groans Her hate express.*

hich, I'gad, is very natural to that *Animal.*
ll! there's for the *Independent:* Now the *Qua-*
; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A *Bull*, for ought I know.

Bayes. A *Bull*! O Lord! A Bull! No, no, a
re, a *quaking Hare.* —— *Armarillis*, because
e wears *Armour*, 'tis the same Figure; and I am
ud to say it, Mr. *Johnson*, no Man knows how
pun in *Heroics* but my self. Well, you shall
r.

e thought, and reason good, the *quaking Hare*
r cruel Foe, because *She would not swear*, Pag. 3.
d had *profess'd Neutrality.*

Johns. A shrewd Reason that, Mr. *Bayes*; but
at Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody Wars,
' they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to
ng in two or three such fine things as these, I
nt tell you the Lyon's Peace was proclaim'd till
y Pages after, tho' 'twas really done before I
d finish'd my Poem.

Next Her, the Buffoon Ape his Body *bent*, Pag 3.
And paid at Church a Courtier's Compliment.

That

That Gauls somewhere; I'gad I can't
off, tho' I were cudgel'd every Day for it.

Pag. 4. *The brisl'd* Baptist *Boar, impure as he.*

Smith. As who?

Bayes. As the *Courtier*, let 'em e'en take
they will, I'gad, I seldom come amongst 'em.

Pag. 10. *Was whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity.*
The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough Crest re
And pricks up. —— Now, in one Word,
abuse the whole Party most damnably ——
pricks up. —— I'gad, I am sure you'll laugh ——
his predestinating Ears. Prethee, Mr. *Joh*
remember little *Bayes*, when next you see a *Pr*
terian, and take notice if he has not *Predestin*
in the Shape of his *Ear*: I have studied Me
long. I'll undertake to know an *Arminian*
the setting of his Wig.

His predestinating Ears. I'gad, there's ne'
Presbyterian shall dare to show his Head witho
Border: I'll put 'em to that Expence.

Smith. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, if any of 'em sh
come over to the *Royal Party*, would their
alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I'gad, they would
their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have just such
turn'd *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a
Roman Ear, mine are much chang'd for the be
within this two Years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party should chanc
fail, you might lose 'em, *for what may change,*
fall.

Bayes. Mind, mind ——

Pag. 11. *These fiery* Zuinglius, *meagre* Calvin *bred.*

Smith. Those, I suppose, are some Out-L
ish Beasts, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Beasts; a good Mistake! Why they
the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in so
Company because they were Enemies to my *M*

anon when I am warm'd, I gad you shall hear
call 'em *Doctors*, *Captains*, *Horses* and *Horse-* Pag. 39.
in the very same Breath. You shall hear how
o on now.

Or else reforming *Corah* spawn'd *this Glass*, Pag. 11.
When opening Earth made way for all to pass.

Johns. For *all*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Yes, They were *all* lost there, but some
'em were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake*:
a Catholick *Queen* sunk at *Charing-Cross*, and
se again at *Queenhithe*.

The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark, Pag. 11.
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's *Ark.*

ere I put a Quære, Whether there were any *So-*
ions before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well
isfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that
World was drown'd for that *Heresy*; which
ong Friends made me leave it.

Quickned with Fire below, these Monsters breed Pag. 12.
In Fenny Holland, *and in Fruitful* Tweed.

ow to write something new and out of the way,
elevate and surprize, and all that, I fetch, you
, this *Quickning Fire* from the Bottom of *Bogs*
d *Rivers*.

Johns. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Con-
vance as the *Virtuoso*'s making a Burning-Glass
Ice?

Bayes. Why was there ever any such thing? Let
perish if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was
er new to me; and I thought no Man had re-
ncil'd those Elements but my self. Well Gen-
men! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and
Homer has numbred his Ships, so I have rang'd
y Beasts. Here is my *Boar* and my *Bear*, and
y *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the rest of 'em all

againſt my poor *Mouſe*. Now what do you thin
I do with all theſe?

Smith. Faith I don't know; I ſuppoſe you mak
'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad, I'd as ſoon make 'e
Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, n
thing at all, I'gad: I think they have play'd the
Parts ſufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em ou
ſhow'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Ex
pectation. And now whilſt you hope to ſee 'e
bated, and are dreaming of Blood and Battels, th
ſculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you ha
been at ſuch Expence in ſetting forth their Char
cters, it had been too much to have gone throug
with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad ſo it had: And then I'll tell yo
another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poe
through. And therefore I fill the firſt part wi
Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that
and then I'gad ſink by degrees, till at laſt I wri
but little better than other People. And where
moſt Authors *creep ſervilely* after the Old Fellow
and ſtrive to grow upon their Readers; I ta
another Courſe, I bring in all my Characters tog
ther, and let 'em ſee I could go on with 'em; b
I'gad, I won't.

Johnſ. Could go on with 'em, Mr. *Bayes*! there
no Body doubts that; You have a moſt particul
Genius that way.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obli
ing: But I muſt needs ſay at a *Fable* or an *Emble*
I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have ſt
died it more than any Man. Did you ever ta
notice, Mr. *Johnſon*, of a little thing that has t
ken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot*

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I ſaw
at the Coffee-Houſe.

Bay

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I
t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out ſomething of
at Nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and
t came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was
civil to preſent me with a dozen of 'em for my
iends, I think I have one here in my Pocket;
ould you pleaſe to accept it, Mr. *Johnſon*?

Johnſ. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could deſign
enty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fel-
ws about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Pen-
n to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Em-*
ms. But hang 'em, they are dull Rogues, and
ould ſpoil my Invention. But come, Gentle-
n, let us return to our Buſineſs, and here I'll
ve you a delicate Deſcription of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking
a *Wolf* and that ſuppoſes a Wood, and then I
p an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtic Wood*:
ow when I was there, I could not help thinking
the *French Perſecution*, and I'gad from all theſe
houghts I took occaſion to rail at the *French*
ng, and ſhow that he was not of the ſame
ake with other Men, which thus I prove.

e Divine Blackſmith *in th' Abyſs of Light,* Pag. 15.
awning and lolling *with a careleſs heat,*
truck out the mute Creation at a Heat.
ut he work'd hard to Hammer our our Souls,
e blew the Bellows, and ſtir'd up the Coals;
ong time he thought and could not on a ſudden
knead up with unskim'd *Milk* this Reas'ning Pud- Page 16.
ding:
ender, and mild within its Bag it lay
nfeſſing ſtill the ſofineſs of its Clay,
nd kind as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day.
ill *Pride of Empire*, *Luſt*, and hot Deſire
id over-boil him, like too great a Fire,

And understanding grown, *misunderstood*,
Burn'd Him to th' Pot, and sour'd his cur
Blood.

Johns. But sure this is a little prophane, Mr. *Ba*

Bayes. Not at all: Do's not *Virgil* bring in
God *Vulcan* working at the *Anvil*?

Johns. Ay, Sir, but never thought his Ha
the fittest to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine Him an Eart
dirty *Blacksmith*? 'Gad you make it prophane
deed. I'll tell you there's as much difference
twixt 'em, I'gad, as betwixt my Man and *Milto*
But now, Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, h
comes my t'other Mouse, the City Mouse.

Page 19. A *spotted* Mouse, the prettiest next the White,
Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty quite
Pag. 23. With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead spread,
Pag. 22. *Crozier* in Hand, and *Mitre* on her Head.
Pag 84. *Three Steeples Argent on her Sable Shield*,
Liv'd in the *City*, and disdain'd the *Field*.

Johns. This is a glorious *Mouse* indeed! but,
you have dress'd her, we don't know whether
be *Jew*, *Papist* or *Protestant*.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnson*,
that; you take it right. She is a meer *Babel*
Religions, and therefore she's a *spotted Mouse* her
and will be a Mule presently. But to go on.

This Princess——

Smith. What *Princess*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why this *Mouse*, for I forgot to tell you
Pag. 20. an *Old Lyon* made a *Left Hand Marriage* with h
Mother, and begot *on her Body Elizabeth Schism*
who was married to *Timothy Sacriledg*, and ha
Issue *Graceless Heresy*. Who all give the sam
Coat with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, a
I told you before.

This

This Princess tho' *estrang'd* from what was *best*,
Was least Deform'd, because Reform'd the least. Pag. 23.
There's *De* and *Re* as good I'gad as ever was.
She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love, Pag. 22.
Mistook the Bliss of *Heaven for Bacchinals above,*
And grub'd the Thorns *beneath our tender Feet,*
To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.
There's a Jolly Mouse for you, let me see any Body
se that can shew you such another. Here now
ve I one damnable severe reflecting Line, but I
nt a Rhime to it, can you help me, Mr.
hnson.

She———
Humbly content to be despis'd at Home,

Johns. Which is too narrow Infamy for some.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Those Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole, Pag. 63.
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can rowl.

Johns. But does not this reflect upon some of
our Friends, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to
ing my self off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a
mn'd Libel on a whole Party, sheer Point and
tyr all through, I'gad: Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs,
d all the Names I could think of, but with an
ceeding deal of Wit; that I must needs say.
ow it happen'd before I could finish this Piece,
e Scheme of Affairs was altered, and those Peo-
e were no longer Beasts: Here was a Plunge
w: Should I lose my Labour, or Libel my
iend? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a
lvo for this: But what do I but write a smooth
licate Preface, wherein I tell them that *the Satyr*
s not intended to them, and this did the Business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against
hom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning
all.

Bayes.

Bayes. Poh! There's the Trick on't. Poor Fo they took it, and were ſatisfied: And yet it ma 'em damnably, I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this v Contrivance in the *Preface* to *Dear Joys Jeſts*.

Bayes. What a Devil, do you think that ſteal from ſuch an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you ſometimes read bad, I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox*.

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from m Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as ſou Precepts, in the *Delectable Hiſtory of Reynard Fox*, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pr tell me where in any other Author could I ha found ſo pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Iſgrim*? B prithee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, a let me go on with my *Mouſe*.

Pag. 29. *One Evening*, when ſhe went away from Court, *Levee's and Couchee's paſt without reſort.*

There's Court Language for you; nothing give Verſe ſo fine a turn as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couche* of a *Mouſe* are too great, eſpecially when ſhe walking from Court to the cooleſt Shades.

Bayes. I'gad, now have you for got what I to you that ſhe was a *Princeſs*. But pray mind; he the two Mice meet.

Pag. 16. She met the Country Mouſe, whoſe *fearful Face*
Beheld from far the common watering Place,
Nor durſt approach ———

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this Mouſe ſtrangely alter'd, ſince ſhe *fear'd no Danger*.

Bayes. Godſokers! Why no more ſhe does n yet fear either Man or Beaſt: But, poor Creatur ſhe's afraid of the Water, for ſhe could not ſwi as you ſee by this.

N

Nor durſt approach, till with an awful Roar. Pag. 30.
The Sovereign Lyon had her fear no more.
t beſides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told
u ſhe *fear'd no Danger*; and I'gad if you will
ve no Variation of the Character, you muſt have
ſame thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty
Writing to ſtrike you ſtill with ſomething new.
ell, but to proceed.
ut when ſhe had this ſweeteſt Mouſe in *view*, Pag. 30.
Good *Lord*, *how ſhe admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!*
re now to ſhow you I am Maſter of all Stiles, I
my ſelf down from the *Majeſty* of *Virgil*, to the
eetneſs of *Ovid*.
Good *Lord*, *how ſhe admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!*
hat more eaſie and familiar! I writ this Line for
Ladies: The little Rogues will be ſo fond of
to find I can yet be ſo tender. I hate ſuch a
gh unhewen Fellow as *Milton*, that a Man
uſt ſweat to read Him; I'gad, you may run over
s and be almoſt aſleep.
Th' Immortal Mouſe who ſaw the *Viceroy* come
o far to ſee Her, did invite her Home.
here's a pretty Name now for the *Spotted Mouſe*,
Viceroy!
Smith. But pray why d'e call her ſo?
Bayes. Why! Becauſe it ſounds prettily: I'll
ll her the *Crown-General* preſently if I've a mind Pag. 55.
it. Well.

——did invite her Home
To ſmoak a Pipe, and o'er a ſober Pot
Diſcourſe of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*.
She made a Court'ſy, like a Civil Dame, Pag. 31.
And, being *much a Gentlewoman*, came. Pag. 32.

ell, Gentlemen, here's my firſt part finiſh'd, and
think I have kept my Word with you, and given
the *Majeſtick turn of Heroick Poeſy*. The reſt
ing *matter of Diſpute*, *I had not ſuch frequent oc-*
ſion for the Magnificence of Verſe, tho' I'gad they

ſpeak

ſpeak very well. And I have heard *Men*, and *siderable Men* too, talk the very ſame things, great deal worſe.

Johnſ. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, t have received no ſmall advantage from the ſmo neſs of your Numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I liſt: though must not think I have been ſo dull as to mind th things my ſelf, but 'tis the advantage of our Cof *houſe*, that from their Talk one may write a v good *Polemical Diſcourſe*, without ever troubl one's Head with the Books of *Controverſie*. Fo can take the ſlighteſt of their Arguments, and 'em pertly into four Verſes, which ſhall ſtare *London Divine* in the Face. Indeed your kno Reaſonings with a long Train of *Majors* and *nors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous my Stile; but I'gad, I can flouriſh better with of theſe twinkling Argumens, than the beſt of can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mo* and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em ſpeak for themſelves, which they will do extra ly well, or I'm miſtaken: And pray obſerve, G tlemen, if in one you don't find all the Delicacy a luxurious City-Mouſe, and in the other all plain Simplicity of a ſober ſerious Matron.

Pag. 32. *Dame, ſaid the Lady of the Spotted Muff,*
Methinks your Tiff is ſour, your *Cates* meer ſl

There, did not I tell you ſhe'd be nice?

Your Pipe's ſo foul, that I diſdain to ſmoak;
And the Weed worſe than e'er *Tom. I—s took.*

Smith. I did not hear ſhe had a *Spotted Muff* b fore.

Bayes. Why no more ſhe has not now: but has a Skin that might make a *Spotted Muff*. Th a pretty Figure now unknown to the Ancients.

Lea

Leave, leave († *she's earnest you see*) this hoary *Shed* and lonely Hills. † *Poeta Loquitur.*
And eat with me at *Groleau's*, smoak at *Will's*.
What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-shelf,
When at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* himself?
Or to the House of cleanly *Renish* go;
Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Channel-Row*?

Do you mark me now? I would by this represent the Vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to be acquainted at all those good Houses, though perhaps he ne'er was in 'em. But hark! she goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our selves we'll treat,
Champain our Liquor, and *Ragousts* our Meat.
Then hand in hand we'll go to *Court*, dear *Cuz*,
To visit *Bishop Martin*, and *King Buz*.
With *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about the *Park*,
Dash at *Locket's*, and reel home i'th' Dark.
Break clattering Windows, and demolish Doors
Of *English Manufactures*——*Pimps, and Whores.* Pag. 63.

Johns. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore*, is an odd sort of a *Manufacture*, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I call 'em so, to give the *Parliament* a hint not to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to the decay of Trade at home.

With these Allurements *Spotted* did invite
From *Hermits Cell*, the *Female Proselyte*.
Oh! with what ease we follow such a Guide,
Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratify'd.

Now would not you think she's going? But I'gad, you're mistaken; you shall hear a long Argument about Infallibility, before she stirs yet.

Page 69. But here the *White*, by *Obſervation wiſe*,
Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying *Eyes.*
With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Rema
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.
Leſt therefore we ſhould ſtray, and not go right
Through the *brown horrour* of the Starleſs Night

Pag. 37. Haſt thou *Infallibility*, *that Wight?*
Sternly the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd:
That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.
That I deny, ſaid the Immortal Dame,

Pag. 37. There is a Guide——Gad, I've forgot his Nam
Who lives in *Heaven* or *Rome*, the Lord kn
where,
Spotted Mouſe Loquitur. Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not er
But hearken you, Siſter, this is but a Whim;
For ſtill we want a *Guide* to find out Him.

Here you ſee I don't trouble my ſelf to keep the Narration, but write *white Speaks* or *da Speaks* by the ſide. But when I get any no Thought which I envy a *Mouſe* ſhould ſay, I c

Page 69. it down in my own Perſon with a *Poeta Loquit* which, take notice, is a ſurer ſign of a fine th in my Writings, than a Hand in the Magent a where elſe. Well, now ſays *White*,

What need we find Him, we have certain proof
That he is ſomewhere, *Dame*, and that's enoug
For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,
Although we know not him, we cannot ſtray.

That's true, I'gad: Well ſaid *White*. You her Adverſary has nothing to ſay for her ſelf, therefore to confirm the Victory, ſhe ſhall ma *Simile*.

Smith. Why then I find Similes are as good a Victory, as after a Surprize.

Bayes. Every Jot, I'gad, or rather better. Well,
e can do it two ways, either about *Emiſſion* or Pag. 37.
eception of Light, or elſe about *Epſom-waters*,
ut I think the laſt is moſt familiar; therefore ſpeak,
y pretty one.

s though 'tis controverted in the *School*,
Waters paſs by *Urine* or by *Stool*.
hall we who are *Philoſophers*, thence gather
rom this Diſſention that they work by neither.

And I'gad, ſhe's in the right on't; but mind
ow, ſhe comes upon her ſwop!

ll this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I'gad, if they had been never ſo good,
his next Line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, *that Guide* Pag. 54.
am I.

There's a Surprize for you now! How ſneak-
ngly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now, to
nake her ask for a *Guide* firſt, and then tell her
he was one? Who could have thought that this
ittle *Mouſe* had the *Pope* and a whole *General*
Council in her Belly? Now *Dapple* had nothing to
ay to this; and therefore you'll ſee ſhe grows
peeviſh.

Come leave your Cracking Tricks, and as they
ſay,
lſe not, that Barber that trims time, delay } Pag. 101.
Which I'gad is new, and my own.
've Eyes as well as you to find the way.
Then on they jogg'd, *and ſince an Hour of Talk*
Might cut a Banter *on the tedious Walk*;

As I remember, said the sober Mouse,
I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-House.*
Thither, says *Brindle*, thou shalt go, and see
Priests sipping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea*;
Here rugged Freeze, there Quality well dress,
These baffling the *Grand-Seignior*; those the *Test.*
And hear shrew'd Guesses made, and Reasons given
Pag. 111. That humane Laws were never made in Heaven.
But above all, what shall oblige thy Sight,
And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vast Delight;
Is the *Poetic Judge* of Sacred *Wit*,
Who do's i' th' *Darkness of his Glory sit.*
Pag. 28. *And as the Moon who first receives the Light,*
With which she makes these neither Regions bright:
So does he shine, reflecting from afar,
The Rays he borrow'd from a better Star:
For Rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
Admir'd by all the scribbling Herd below.
From *French Tradition* while he does dispence,
Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism, a damn'd Offence,
To question his, or trust your private Sense.

Hah! Is not that right, Mr. *Johnson*? Gad forgive me he is fast asleep! Oh the damn'd Stupidity of this Age! asleep! Well, Sir, Since you'r so drousy, your humble Servant.

Johns. Nay, Pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard you all the while. *The White Mouse.*

Bayes. The White Mouse! ay, ay, I thought how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.

Johns. Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy Pardon, I was up late last Night, Prithee lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes.

Bayes. Go on! Pox, I don't know where I was, ell I'll begin. Here, mind, now they are both me to Town.

ut now at *Piccadilly* they arrive,
nd taking Coach, t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive;
ut at St. *Clement's Church*, eat out the Back;
nd slipping through the *Rails* grown, bilkt poor *Hack.*

There's the *Utile* which ought to be in all Poe-y, Many a *Young Templer* will save his Shilling y this Stratagem of my Mice.

Smith. Why, will any *Young Templer* eat out e Back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, Pgad, but you'll grant it is mighty atural for a Mouse.

hence to the *Devil*, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
Clergy kind, or Counsellor *Clough* was there; Pag. 133.
e Mr. *Dove*, a Pigeon of Renown,
his high Crop, and corny Gizzard known, Pag. 126.
Sister Parsley, *with the Hooded Head*; Pag. 130.
o, Sir. She's *hooted hence*, said *Will*, and fled.
hy so? *Because she would not pray a-Bed.*

Johns. aside. 'Sdeath! Who can keep awake at ch Stuff? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box gain.

Bayes. Mr. *Johnson*, How d'e like that Box? ay take notice of it, 'twas given me by a *Per-* of *Honour* for looking over a Paper of Verses; d indeed I put in all the Lines that were worth y thing in the whole Poem. Well, but where ere we? Oh! Here they are, just going up airs into the *Apollo*; from whence my White kes occasion to talk very well of *Tradition.*

Thus

Thus to the Place where *Johnſon* ſat we climb,
Leaning on the ſame Rail that guided him;
And whilſt we thus on equal Helps rely,
Our Wit muſt be as true, our Thoughts as high.
Pag. 45. For as an *Author* happily compares
Tradition to a well-fixt pair of *Stairs*,
So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
Thus every ſtep I take my Spirits ſoar,
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more, and more.

There's Humour! Is not that the livelieſt Imag in the World of a Mouſe's going up a pair of Stairs *More a Wit, and more and more?*

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily I muſt be rude, I have a particular Engagemen at this time, and I ſee you are not near an en yet.

Bayes. Godſokers! Sure you won't ſerve me ſo All my fineſt Deſcriptions and beſt Diſcourſe is ye to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an Extraordinary concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you ſhall take a little more and here I'll paſs over two dainty *Epiſodes* of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

Johnſ. I know not why they ſhould come in, except to make yours the longeſt *Fable* that ever was told.

Bayes. Why, the Excellence of a *Fable* is in the Length of it. *Æſop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, ſhort, ſimple Stories, with a dry Moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any Noble Deſign. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you are ſatisfied with Beaſts in the firſt Courſe, ſerve you up a delicate Diſh of Fowl for the ſecond; now I was at all this pains to

abuſe

abuſe one particular Perſon; for I'gad I'll tell you what a Trick he ſerv'd me. I was once tranſlating a very good *French Author*, but being ſomething long about it, as you know a Man is not always in the Humour; What does this *Jack* do, but puts out an Anſwer to my Friend before I had half finiſhed the Tranſlation: So there was three whole Months loſt upon his Account. But, I think, I have my Revenge on him ſufficiently, for I let all the World know, that he is a *tall, broad-back'd, luſty Fellow*, of a *Brown Complexion, fair Behaviour*, a *Fluent Tongue*, and *taking* amongſt the *Women*; and to top it all, that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but *two Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himſelf? But beſides, I have ſo nickt his Character in a Name as will make you ſplit. I call him — I'gad I won't tell you unleſs remember what I ſaid of him. *Varillas.* Pag. 137.

Smith. Why, that he was much a *Scholar*, and more a *Wit* ———

Bayes. Right; and his Name is *Buzzard*, Ha! ha! ha.

Johnſ. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true Name begins with a *B*, which makes me ſtily contrive him this, to begin with the ſame Letter: There's a pretty Device, Mr. *Johnſon*; I learn'd it, I muſt needs confeſs, from that ingenious Sport, I love my Love with an *A*, becauſe ſhe's *Amiable*; and if you could but get a Knot of merry Fellows together, you ſhould ſee how *little Bayes* would top 'em all at it, I'gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I muſt leave you, I am half an hour paſt my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verſes upon a rainy Night, and a Bird's-Neſt; and here's three hundred more,

Tranſlated

Translated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in which t
Spotted Mouse gives an account of the Treaty
Peace between the *Czars* of *Muscovy*, and t
Emperour, which is a piece of News. *White* do
not believe, and this is her Answer. I am resolv
you shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion
prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. No
you must know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that
had been better for the World, if we ne'er had a
Bibles at all.

E'er that *Gazette* was printed, said the *White*,
Our Robin told another Story quite;
This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd,
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
And *Preaching*'s best, if understood, or no.
Pag. 3. Words I confess *bound by, and trip so light*,
We have not time to take a steady sight;
Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when writ,
To long Examination they submit.

Hard things——Mr. *Smith*, if these two Lin
don't recompence your stay, ne'er trust *John Bay*
again.

Hard things at the first Blush are clear and full,
Pag. 15. *God mends on second thoughts*, but Man grows dul

I'gad, I judge all Men by my self, 'tis so wit
me, I never strove to be very exact in any thin
but I spoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true
is it not a little too severe?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these gener
Reflections are daring, and savour most of a *Noble*
Genius, that spares neither *Friend* nor *Foe*.

John

Johns. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that *daring* of your *Noble Genius*?

Bayes. Afraid! Why, *Lord*, you make so much of a Beating, I'gad, 'tis no more to me than a Flea biting. No, no, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em 'en lay on, I'faith, I'll ne'er baulk my Fancy to save my Carkass. Well, but we must dispatch, Mr. *Smith*.

Thus did they merrily carouse all day,
And like the gaudy Fly their Wings display;
And sip the Sweets, and bask in great Apollo's *ray.*

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment; and Mr. *Smith*, if your Affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the best *Bill of Fare* that ever was serv'd up in *Heroicks*: But here follows a Dispute shall recommend it self, I'll say nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you must know was a *Protestant*, all this while trusts to her own Judgment, and foolishly dislikes the Wine; upon which our *Innocents* does so run her down, that she has not one word to say for her self, but what I put in her Mouth; and I'gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblig'd me, like an *Ingrate*.

Sirrah, says *Brindle*, Thou hast brought us Wine,
Sour to my Taste, and to my Eyes unfine.
Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it, ah! says *White*,
What is approv'd by them must needs be right.
'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House Page 38.
Commend it, I submit, a private Mouse.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum* and Deference, which our Mouse pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholic* Consent oppose
My erring Judgment, and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nick't her, that's t
to thee Hilts, I'gad, and you shall see *Dapp*
resents it.

Why, what a Devil shan't I trust my Eyes?
Must I drink *Stum* because the *Rascal* lyes?
And palms upon us *Catholic* Consent,
To give *sophisticated Brewings* vent.
Pag. 5. Says *White*, What ancient Evidence can sway,
If you must Argue thus and not obey? [vey'd
Drawers must be trusted, through whose hands con
You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the *Trade*.
For sure those *Honest Fellows* have no knack
Of putting off *stum'd Claret* for *Pontack*.
How long, alas! would the poor Vintner last,
If all that drink must *judge*, and every *Guest*
Be allowed to have an understanding *Taste*?
Thus she: Nor could the Panther well inlarge,
With weak defence against so strong a Charge.

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's spotted,
which is such a Blot to the *Reformation*, as I war-
rant 'em they will never claw off, I'gad.

But with a *weary Yawn* that shew'd her Pride,
Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she *lyed*.
White saw her *canker'd Malice* at that Word,
And said her Prayers, and drew her *Dilbit Sword*.
T'other cry'd *Murther*, and her *Rage restrain'd*:
And thus her passive Character maintain'd.
But now alas! ——

Mr. *Johnson*, Pray mind me this; Mr. *Smith*,
I'll ask you to stay no longer, for this that follows
is

so engag'd; both me but two Lines, I'gad, and away afterwards if you can.

t now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
hat sad Misfortune these pretty things *befel*
ese Birds of Beasts.

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of Beasts*: 'tis e greatest Affront that you can put upon any *rd*, to call it, *Beast of a Bird*: and a *Beast* is so Pag. 129.
nd of being call'd a *Bird*, as you can't imagine.

ese Birds of Beasts, these learned Reas'ning Mice,
ere separated, banish'd in a trice.
ho would be learned for their sakes, who wise?

Ay, who indeed? There's a *Pathos*, I'gad, Gen-emen, if that won't move you, nothing will, I n assure you: But here's the sad thing I was aid of.

he *Constable* alarm'd by this Noise,
ter'd the Room, directed by the Voice,
d speaking to the *Watch*, *with Head aside*, Pag. 135.
nd, Desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills apply'd.
ese *Gentlemen*, for so their Fate decrees,
n ne'er enjoy at once *the But and Peace.* Pag. 115.
hen each have separate Interests of their own, Pag. 144.
wo Mice are one too many for a Town.
Schism they are torn; and therefore, *Brother*,
ook you to one, and I'll secure the t'other.
w whither *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
in the *Stocks* all Night per Fingers blow, Pag. 98.
in the *Compter* lay, concerns not us to know.
t the *immortal Matron*, *spotless White*,
rgetting *Dapple's* Rudeness, Malice, Spight,
ook'd kindly back, and wept, and said, *Good Night.*

Ten

Pag. 145. For these sad Mischiefs were done by the Mouse,
With Bills, and Mittimuses, to her Country-House

This last Contrivance I take to be a judicious Alteration, that makes Sir Thrifty's Agents wait upon the Hind, and Panther too, I find.——

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to pay.

Roger. What's Pox, are you in such haste? You han't told me how you like it.

Johns. Oh, extreamly well. Here, Drawer.

1713